The (Re)Marriage of the Century!

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The (Re)Marriage of the Century!

by lumosatnight

Summary

Harry and Draco get married (or remarried, depending on how you look at it). The only problem is Harry seems to have wandered off and Draco is tearing his hair out trying to find his missing zombie lover.

Or, a wedding in two parts.

Notes

Congratulations, M!! I wanted to write something sweet and fluffy for your special day, and then I remembered your unhinged zombie story. This is a somewhat sequel/prequel to your lovely story. I hope it makes you smile!

Also, because I couldn't help myself, it's also part of the HP Flowers challenge Autumn Round. Thanks CBG for the beta!

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by True Love Never Dies by makeitp1nk

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Marrying a zombie had its downsides.

Draco would never say this out loud, of course—he didn't want Harry to feel any guiltier than he already did—but, *really,* it had been extremely difficult to plan a dinner menu when half the reception guests didn't eat. Well, they did eat, but not anything remotely edible, and Draco would much prefer not to think about that actually.

The lack of reception food was inconsequential, though, when Draco compared it to the *smell.* Merlin, the smell was awful. He loved Harry with his whole pulsating heart (he really did), but, gads, he had to use a Nose Plugging Charm just to be in his presence for more than five minutes at a time. Which Draco did—frequently and *happily,* he would like to note . Any time he got to spend with Harry after their ten years apart felt like a gift, a fragile sliver of happiness to be treasured. He would rather cut his own nose off and never smell again than be separated from Harry now.

Which brought Draco to his next point—the actual problem with marrying (or remarrying) a member of the undead.

They were extremely forgetful. So forgetful, in fact, that Harry often forgot his own name and needed Draco to remind him (he always remembered Draco's, though). They were so forgetful that they often forgot where they were and, more importantly, where they were going.

This was all well and good when Draco was called in for a potions review and he could leave Harry safe and sound in their isolated room in the underground camp. With nowhere to go and no unlocked doors to escape through, he would merely wait patiently for Draco to return, even if he didn't remember exactly where he was waiting or when Draco would return. Sometimes, Granger even came to keep him company and prod him with her wand or read him the latest medical journals.

However, other times, Draco wished Harry's memory was just a pinch sharper, that the half of his brain that had turned into zombie mush had, well, *not.* It was a miracle, really, that Harry could think at all, but Draco was a selfish man (who wouldn't be?), and he wanted *all* of Harry, not just this half-undead shell. St Mungo's was working on a cure (with Draco's expert potions help, of course), but it wouldn't be ready for many, many, *many* years to come. Until then, Draco would have to make do with wandering around the old Muggle bunker, trying to find his lost lover.

Normally, he wouldn't mind this distraction (Draco was a patient man who valued consistent daily exercise), but today was *not* the day. Harry was due at the B3 courtroom in less than ten minutes to renew their vows. Granger and the rest of Harry's insipid friends (yes, they were Draco's friends now too, but there were pretences to keep) were already waiting in the pews, waiting for Harry and Draco to (re)declare their undying love for each other. Probably half the survivors living in their cramped encampment were there, actually. It wasn't every day the B3 courtroom held the (re)marriage of a human and their zombie lover.

If only Draco could find said zombie lover.

He tramped through the deserted tunnels, peeking his head into empty meeting rooms and half-filled grain stores. The more he looked, the more he was reminded of the time they had been unwillingly torn apart. Ten years of thinking Harry was dead. Ten years of mourning his husband while, unknowingly, Harry had been doing the very same just outside the barricade walls.

Draco shuddered just thinking about that lonely, desolate time. He vowed to never—never *ever* —be separated from Harry again. Fate herself would have to pry his manically clutching fingers off of Harry's lukewarm, half-dead, half-alive body before he would ever allow them to be apart again. Which was why it was particularly disconcerting that he couldn't find Harry now.

Pulling at his bowtie and loosening the collar of his dress shirt, Draco rushed to the next room. Upon finding it empty, he ran a hand through his hair and heaved a great sigh. The compound was gigantic; it would take him the rest of the afternoon to find Harry at this rate. Just as he was about to give up hope and yeet his bowtie into the abyss, he heard muffled noises coming from the garden room.

Of course! Why hadn't he looked there first?

"Harry!" he called, barging his way through the airlock and stumbling inside (Draco will deny to his very last breath his temporary lack of grace during this momentous moment).

"D-D-Draco." Harry looked up from where he was settled in the grass, surrounded by destroyed flowers and uprooted stems.

"Darling." Draco took a step closer. "Darling, what are you doing?"

Harry held up a bouquet of prickly purple flowers. "Wanted to get these—for you."

"That's—" Draco's eyes prickled; his throat felt too tight. "They're lovely. Thank you for remembering."

Harry stood and joined Draco by the airlock, winding their fingers together. "I love you," he said, the good side of his face pulling up into a crooked grin. The other side—his *zombie* side as he so called it—was wrinkled and gruesome. Draco loved both sides. He loved all of Harry.

"Come on," Draco said, squeezing his hand, "we don't want to be late."

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Marrying a war hero had its downsides.

First, there was the relentless press to contend with, hounding them at all hours of the day and night. They had to have a secret Floo installed just to be able to get out of the flat in the mornings.

Then, there was everyone and their grandmothers wanting to be invited to the *'Marriage of the Century!'* , as the Prophet called it. Draco didn't even know half the people on the guestlist. What he did know was that the extra five hundred plates of roast salmon he had to order would be worth it. *Harry* was worth it.

But really, the hardest part about marrying a war hero was that Harry was never available—everyone wanted a piece of the Saviour's time. *Everyone.* No exception. Draco hardly saw his fiance except for their regularly scheduled Friday lunch dates, and they made *good* use of those, Flooing back to the flat to have a quickie against the wall. It wasn't unusual to lose track of Harry for days at a time (more usual than not, unfortunately). Draco was used to it; he was long past the point of worrying when Harry didn't show up at the flat for an entire week. Harry always showed when something *really* important happened (aka their Friday lunch dates), so Draco didn't usually worry.

However, he was worrying now. He was worrying a whole lot. A whole *whole* lot.

So, why was he worrying?

Because they were supposed to get married in—Draco checked his watch—ten minutes, and Harry was nowhere to be seen!

Harry Potter—his beloved, light of his life—had not been seen since six o'clock that morning when the Minister of Magic had called him in to discuss "unusual behaviour in Muggle London… walking corpses… highly contagious… come immediately." (or something like that. Draco hadn't exactly been paying attention.)

And now, nearly ten hours later, Harry *still* wasn't back.

Draco paced across the room, running a hand through his hair. Mother was going to be absolutely livid when she saw how he had ruined her careful styling. He peered between the curtains out onto the cavernous grounds at the horde of guests milling about. It was all so serene, all so peaceful. None of them had any idea of the turmoil going on inside the manor's third floor drawing room.

It was useless to send a Patronus; Harry often did work in Muggle areas where they were most unwelcome. There wasn't anything to it. The guests would either have to wait until Harry reappeared or Draco would have to track him down himself. The first option was undesirable, but the second option was impossible. Harry could be anywhere!

Resigned to his fate of having to placate a yard of ravenous guests, Draco decided that task could wait for another five minutes and that he was in dire need for a smoke.

Yes, that was it. The side gardens would be mercifully empty at this time, the perfect place to clear his head before throwing himself to the wolves. Grabbing his pipe from the lounge, Draco tiptoed down the servants hallway and snuck out into the side gardens. Just as he was lighting his pipe and taking a deep, rattling breath, he heard muffled noises coming from over in the grass.

That better not be a wayward guest. Draco was going to curse them all the way across the channel if it were. However, when he rounded the line of hedges, he was pleasantly surprised to find that it was not a wayward guest but the lost groom.

“Harry!” he called, tossing his pipe into the nearest fountain and stalking over.

“Hello, love.” Harry looked up from where he was settled on the grass, surrounded by plucked flowers and wayward stems.

“Darling, what are you doing?”

Harry held up a bouquet of prickly purple flowers. “I wanted to get you flowers, but I ran out of time, so I came here, and I’ve been… Umm, here. For you.” He thrust the bouquet into Draco’s arms.

“That’s—” Draco squinted at the flowers. “Are these thistles?”

Harry shrugged. “I dunno. Maybe. They looked pretty.”

“Thistles,” Draco said slowly, “are the flower of misanthropy and inconvenience.”

“I—What? Are you sure?”

“Quite.”

“Oh.” Harry scratched at his sleeve, slipping it down to cover a recently healed wound. Harry was always getting into scrapes; it was inevitable.

Draco rolled his eyes and grabbed his fiance’s hand, winding their fingers together. “I suppose they’re also a symbol of devotion and resilience, so they’re not all bad.”

Harry smiled, the side of his face pulling up into a crooked grin. “I love you,” he said, simple as that, like merely saying the words would make everything okay. And maybe it would. He wasn’t the Saviour for nothing.

“I love you too,” Draco said, squeezing his hand, “as long as we both shall live. Now come on. We don’t want to be late to our own wedding.”

Hand in hand they exited the garden and walked toward the waiting crowd. Unbeknownst to them both, the newly acquired bite on Harry’s forearm festered. But for now, there was a wedding to be had, vows to be recited, and a happily ever after to be started.

Maybe, marrying Harry wasn’t so bad. Draco might even consider doing it again if given the chance.

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End Notes

Written for the HP Flower's prompt *thistle:* meaning misanthropy, retribution, pain, and aggression. Also a symbol of devotion, resilience, bravery, and protection.

Hope you have a fantastic day, M 💗

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